

**BOUND to
PLEASE**

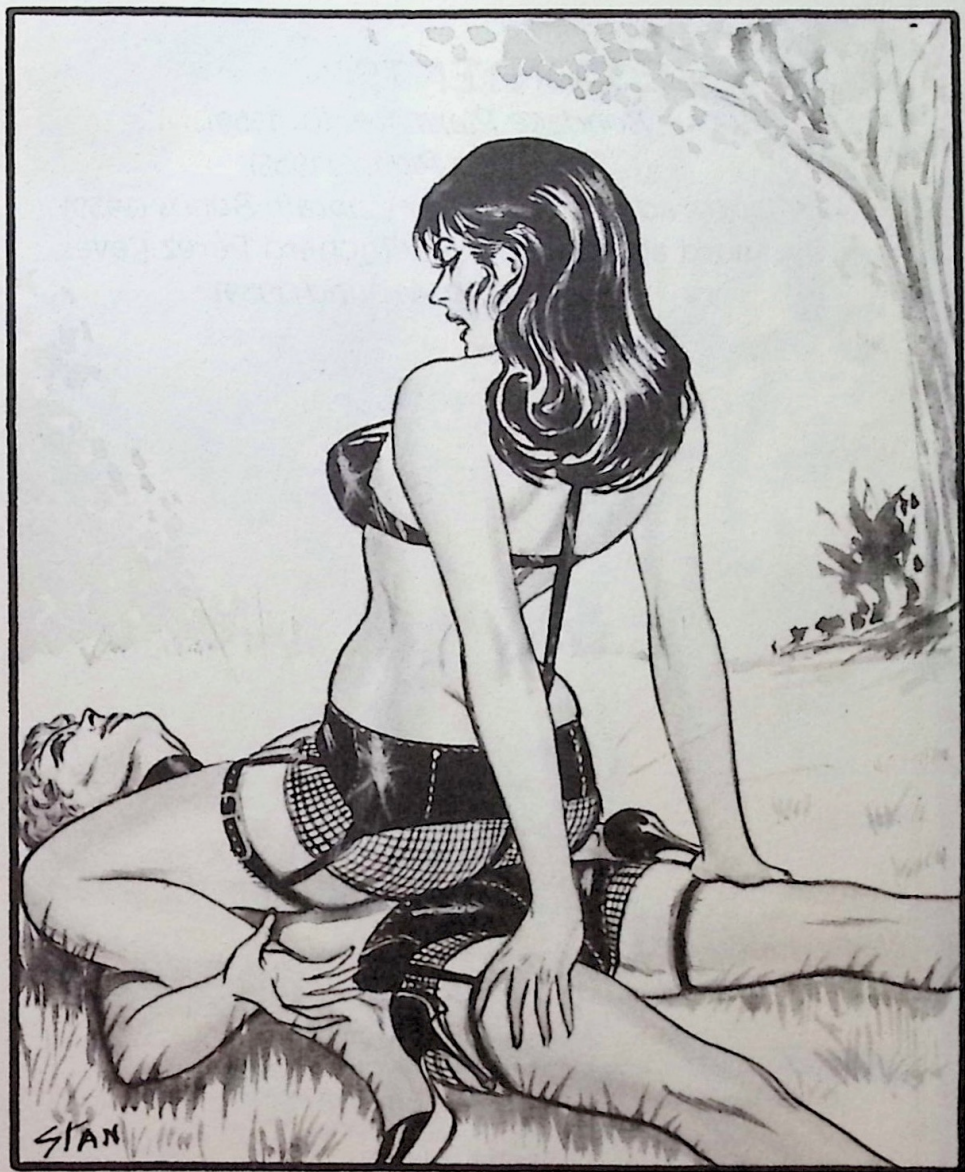


& Other Bizarre Art



BOUND TO PLEASE

& OTHER BIZARRE ART



ERIC STANTON

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Vintage Fetish Classics

Publisher contact: FetHistory@gmail.com

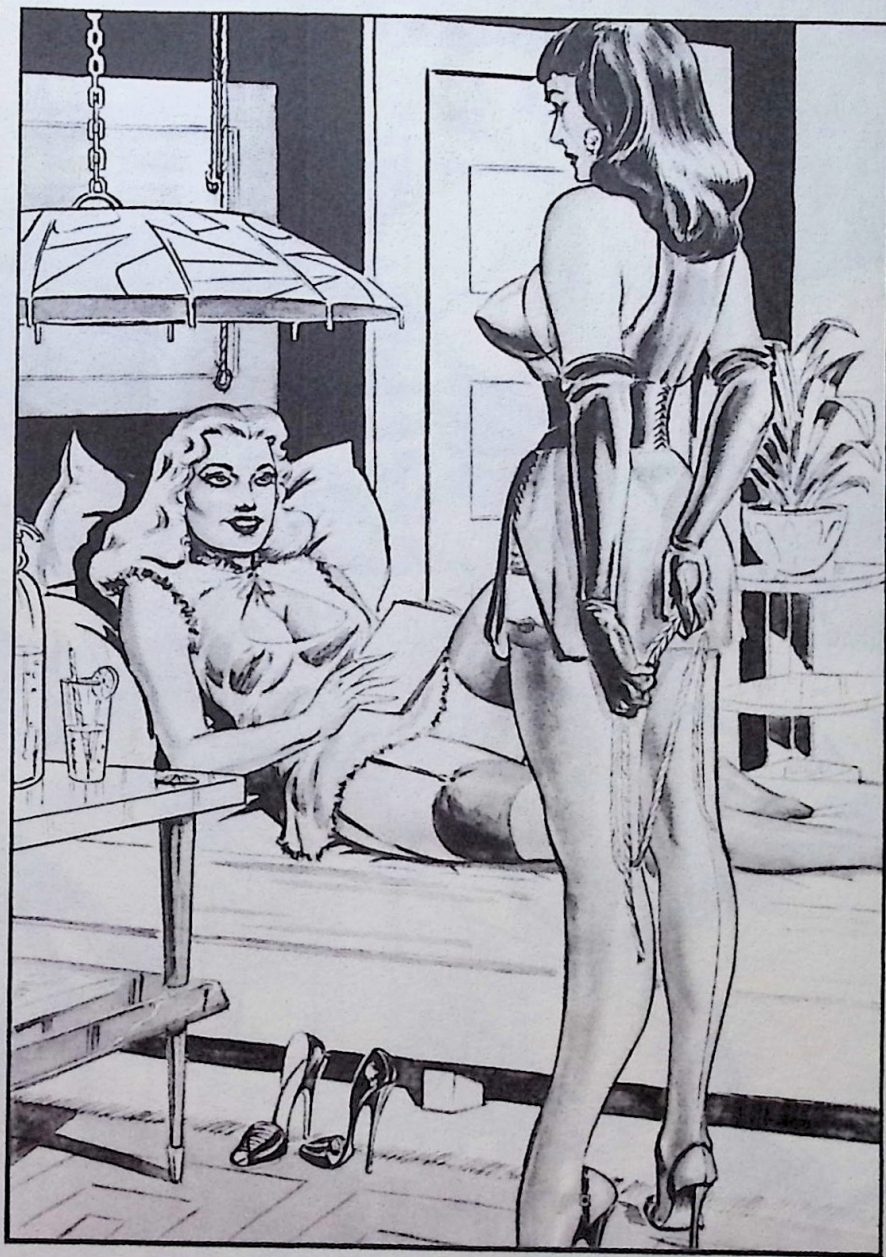
Curator/editor/restoration: Richard Pérez Seves

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BONDAGE PLAYMATES



A gaggle of women were at length admitted, and the door secured behind them. As Fern observed her duties as hostess, I was left to stand—my bound wrists proclaiming my status—with the premonition of what would follow. “Isn’t she ravishing?” Fern gushed as her eyes swept the shapely vassal in leather. Celeste smiled, but her expression was lent sinister piquance by the scar at her left eye. “And this one!” Fern swung to look at a blonde whose cape was removed to reveal her helpless in a harness of wanton diablerie. A carapace of leather embraced her (torso, upper chest, throat and jaw, from strap-gag to thigh belts). I shuddered and shifted my gaze to a brunette who minced by, hips swiveling with the stricture of her pitilessly corded arms. Fern, still intent on the harnessed blonde, murmured: “If she feels anything like she looks in that gear....” Celeste’s response made my scalp tingle: “Might you want to experience it for yourself, darling?”



"If I choose to do so," Fern said, "I'll pick my tormentress with great care. But you gave me an idea: why not consider a contest?" Celeste replied, "Contest?" Fern nodded: "One in which the winner gets to be Mistress for 12 hours?" Celeste looked intrigued. "But I'm neglecting my guests, we can talk of this later," said Fern. "Won't you all enjoy some time at the bar? And I'll change into something less comfortable..." and she led me away. Upstairs, testing Fern's patience, I donned a sheer rubber "party dress" and meekly submitted as she corseted me severely, strapped my gloved arms in back, finally gagging me with a rubber ball. "Now go down and entertain them," she commanded illogically. "I shall be along shortly." Descending to the company, I was brought up short at the sight of Ann, seated stiffly erect, her arms crossed behind her, strapped at the elbows. As I studied her, with her torso held severely arched by extreme restraint, I realized my own bonds felt light!



Elbows clamped at back, her stockinged legs hobbled at ankles and knees by chains, Fern moved unsteadily among the guests. Her every move was sheer writhing embarrassment. She fought for balance on her towering heels while a bar connecting the collar of her headpiece forced her torso into a flaunting curve. Celeste's voice cut through the delighted babble of society guests: "Remember your drill! Or must I discipline you in front of everybody?" Fern blushed yet more deeply, but for now she could only obey. Then, as Celeste watched Fern's body curving in preposterous exaggeration, her eyes gathered a new, speculative look. I didn't like it at all. My fears were realized when the guests at last departed. Alive with new ideas, Celeste issued commands at her staff about what to do with us next. In no time at all, Fern and I were facing each other, each in total immobility against a slender post, each stripped down, wearing only the scantest of lingerie.



"What is she up to now?" I whispered to Fern, as Celeste strode out of the room. Fern's face was resigned, "Oh probably some new, frightful idea. But the 48 hours will soon be up." I sighed, "I just hope it doesn't hurt. Besides, why'm I her slave too? I didn't lose any—" Celeste's return silenced me. Elaine followed her, carrying in a circular table, on which were several little bottles and a large metallic pen. I strained at my ropes as she trailed off to plug in a wire. "W-what are you g-going to do?" I quavered. Celeste gave my face a squeeze: "Shut up, puppet!" She turned to Fern. "Watch closely. This is to show you I'm not fooling around—" She picked up the wired gadget, and dipped it in some dark stuff. Celeste eyed me, "I think first the abdomen." And the gadget started buzzing. "Hey!" I yelled, and tiny needles titillated the soft flesh of my stomach. "Oww!" "Shut up. I'm only tattooing you!"



I gazed down in disbelief at my own torso. Emblazoned across my bare stomach, in incandescent cerise, were the letters SLAVE. Fern stared, dumb with horror. Then Celeste turned to her: "Now! You will copy and sign in your handwriting a contract. It binds you as my complete, permanent slave. If you refuse I shall tattoo every inch of that lovely body! Including your face!" Fern fell into shock. She stammered: "If I sign, you won't?"—Celeste began untying her, "Then I agree not to deface you!" Limply, Fern was seated and copied her contract and finally signed. Gloating, Celeste studied it: "With this, I own you." Behind her, meanwhile, had crept Elaine, bottle in hand—*Crack!* The worm had turned. Fern whirled and untied me. No time for clothes. Out the door! Oh! The contract! I ran back, grabbed it; then hurtled back outside. Panting, we clung together in relief. "Madeline, you darling!" Fern said. "Let's go back to how things were!" I cried, "I'm game for that!" "Do you love me?" Fern asked. "I do!" I said. "You know I do. But, for now, let's keep running!..."

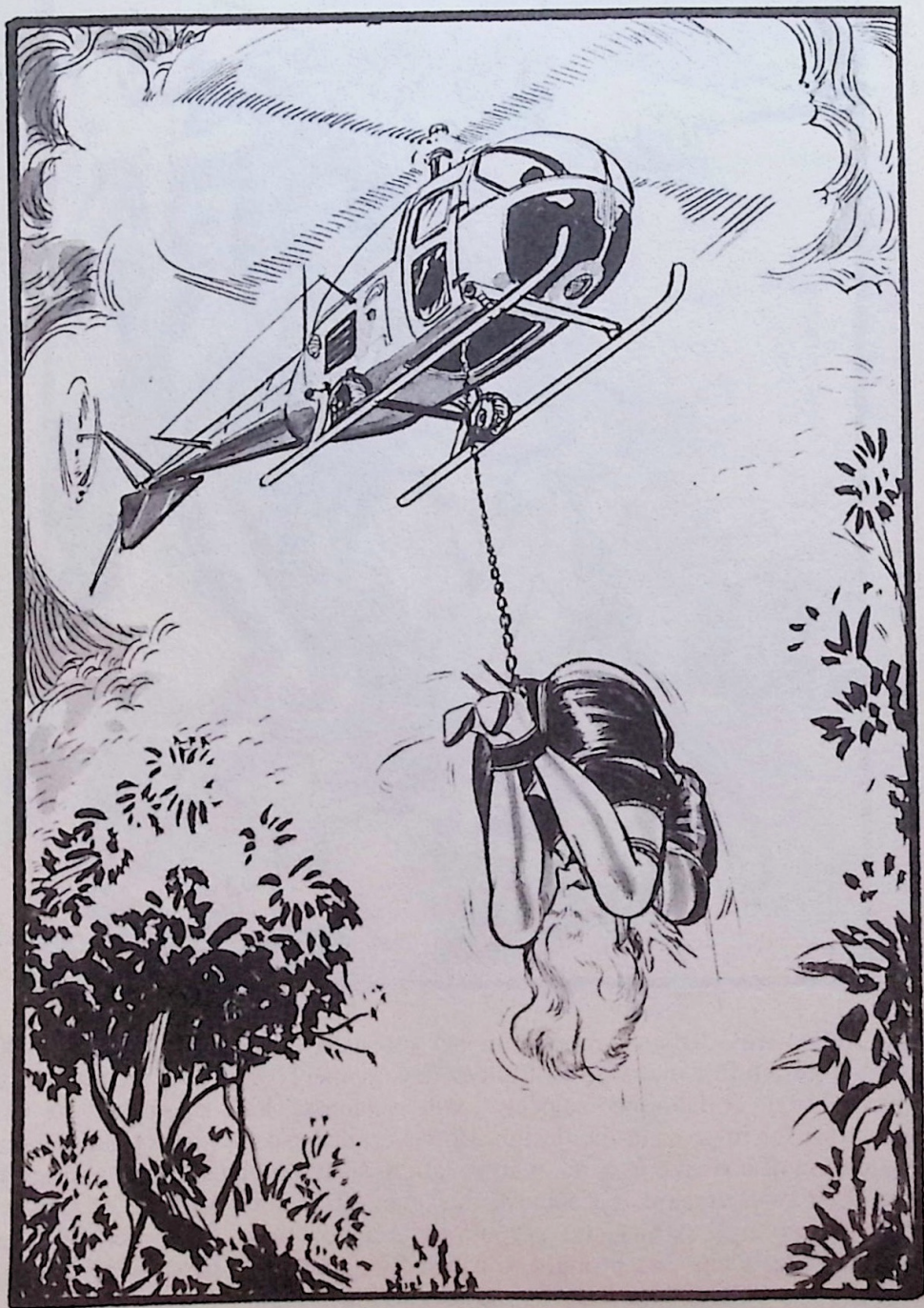


CAPTURED AND BOUND BY CAPTAIN BONDS

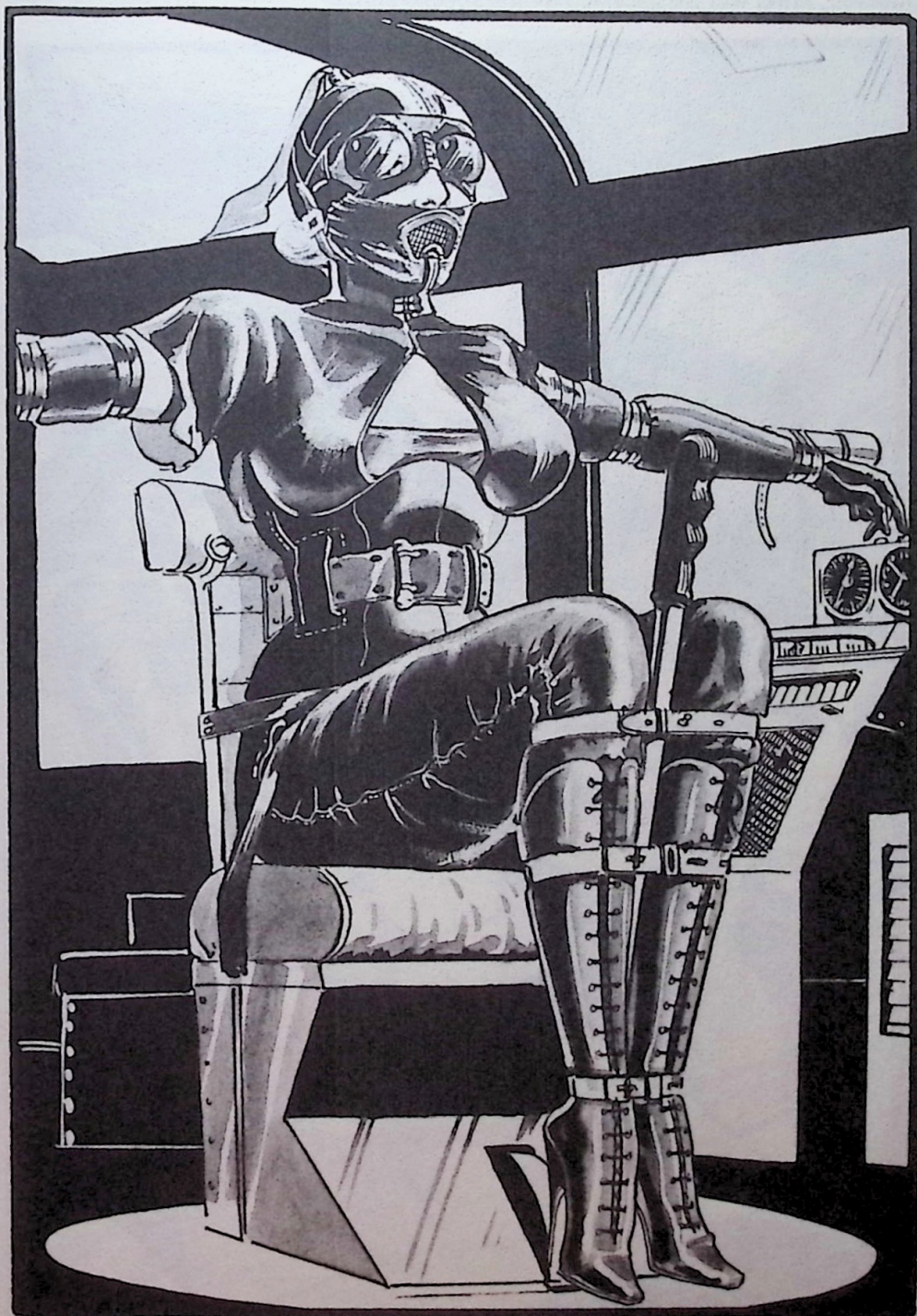


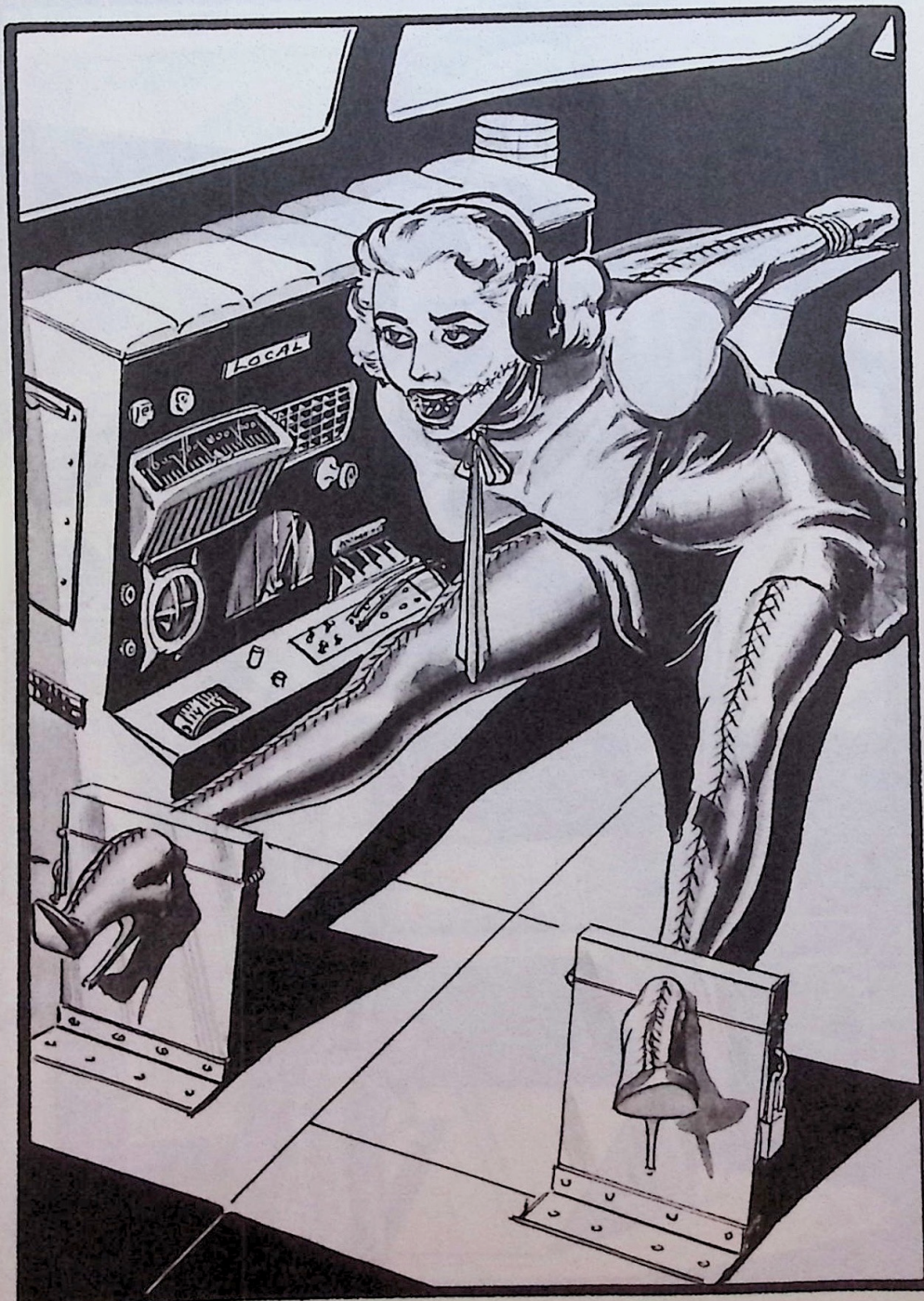
Mitzi Heller was driving home from her job as a test pilot for the YZ-90, a cutting-edge aircraft that was still under development. As a key member of the project, Mitzi collaborated closely with scientists and engineers to offer suggestions for improving the design. However, their secret project had attracted the attention of a rival company, who sought to steal the plans for the aircraft and create their own version. To achieve this, they dispatched a group of agents to kidnap Mitzi and extract the corporation's innovations from her. In broad daylight, Mitzi's car was brought to a halt by agents in a helicopter, who then forcefully apprehended her before making a daring escape.

Mitzi was tightly bound at her ankles and wrists, then lifted by a winch like a piece of cargo, and left dangling from a hook beneath the helicopter for a terrifying 100-foot ride. Without any support, she swayed perilously from the slow-moving chopper, unable to free herself without risking a fatal fall. Eventually, rough hands reached down and pulled her chains up, hauling Mitzi through the hatchway. Much to her surprise, she discovered that the helicopter crew was also in bondage, except for the captain who sported a sinister mask that made identification impossible. As she looked around, the tight-fitting leather costumes and unique restraints of the crew instilled fear in Mitzi.



The helicopter crew were outfitted with thigh-length laced boots and shoulder-length kid gloves, while effective devices gagged each member. The pilot sat strapped tightly to her seat with a control-stick secured to her legs by steel bands wrapped around her knees, calves, and ankles. Her arms were tied to a steel cross-piece above her seat, with straps securing her wrists and elbows. This restrained her to the point where she could only use her gloved fingers to manipulate the helicopter using fingertip controls.





Mitzi's gaze fell upon two crew members, their bodies chained to the sides of the aircraft. Clad in leather suits that reached their thighs, accentuated by elbow-length gloves and knee-high boots, they presented a striking image. Yet, it was their boots that truly captured her attention, with their distinct tapered soles and heels propped up on spikes. Ankle and knee chains further constrained their movements. Meanwhile, the captain stood tall and commanding while she communicated with her crew members through a series of heaves and tugs on a chain, leaving Mitzi utterly disoriented.



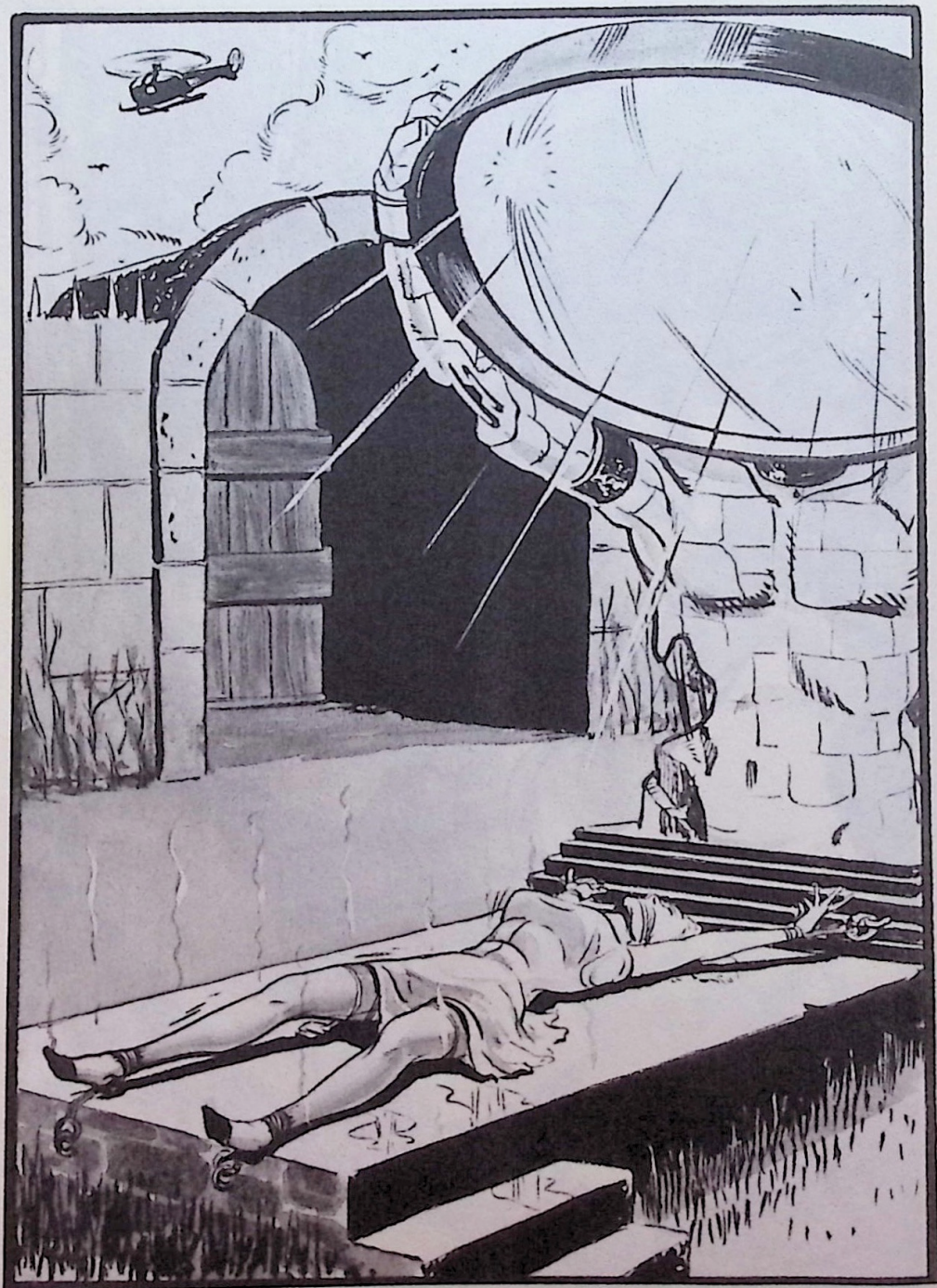
As the Captain examined her bonds, Mitzi observed her striking ensemble. The Captain's smooth leather uniform featured a plaited belt around her waist for figure correction, while her tightly fitting gloves were adorned with delicate silver chains. The addition of the Captain's silver-decorated leather mask intensified her already commanding presence. When a buzzer sounded, the Captain turned her attention to the gagged radio operator, who conveyed a message indicating the need to transport Mitzi to an old aviation warehouse for questioning. Without hesitation, the Captain swiftly complied.



Captain Bonds brought Mitzi to a dimly-lit warehouse, aiming to extract information. Despite relentless threats, Mitzi remained silent. Frustrated by her unsuccessful attempts, the Captain resorted to painful methods. She bound Mitzi's arms behind her back and connected them to a hanging chain, securing her feet to a weight. The strain on Mitzi's arms was intense, but she remained steadfast in her refusal to reveal any secrets. Determined, the Captain escalated her tactics, employing more extreme measures to coerce Mitzi into talking.



Captain Bonds was determined to extract Mitzi's secrets at any cost. With her aides, they took Mitzi outside, tying her spread-eagle to a concrete platform. A giant magnifying glass was positioned at an angle to intensify the sun's rays. The Captain then left to report to her superiors, leaving Mitzi to endure the scorching sun. Trapped under the relentless glare, the unbearable heat took its toll on Mitzi. Eventually, the Captain returned, aware that time was running out and hoping for a breakthrough. But Mitzi remained resolute, refusing to utter a word.



After Captain Bonds returned, Mitzi was released and taken indoors. Hungry and helpless, she was bound to a chain hanging from the ceiling and made to watch as the Captain and her colleagues indulged in a lavish meal. The tight steel band around her waist added to her discomfort, while the enticing aroma of food heightened her agony. Eventually, the Captain dangled a slice of bread, prompting Mitzi to signal her willingness to talk. However, before speaking, Mitzi insisted on being fed first. The Captain agreed, but kept her bound with sticks, making it challenging for her to eat.



Captain Bonds' aide held a plate of food in front of Mitzi's mouth while she was hung upside down, still in full bondage. With that, the Captain lay comfortably eating bonbons, questioning Mitzi. The unfortunate Mitzi did her best to surrender as little information as possible, but the Captain seemed aware that she was holding back. The sticks under her knees were uncomfortable, the pressure unbearable, and Mitzi finally begged for release, but Captain Bonds guffawed. Mitzi then promised to cooperate fully and to expound what she knew to the Captain's superiors. With that, Mitzi was released from bondage.



At that moment, Captain Bonds urgently needed to attend to some matters, and so she instructed that Mitzi be taken to her aviation company's testing grounds with a gagged aide. The unfortunate Mitzi was tied up under the horse, with her ankles and wrists secured to rings on the saddle, a chain attached to a leather gag in her mouth, and stirrups tied to her thighs. The rough, bumpy journey left Mitzi disheveled, with her clothing caked in dust and dirt. Upon arrival, the aide was eager to clean both herself and Mitzi before presenting her to the aviation bosses.



After her horse ride, she was taken to a hangar where an aide tied her ankles and wrists, propping her backwards over a wooden railing. Using a large brush and dirty water, the aide scrubbed Mitzi, providing some relief to her sunburnt face and aching body. Captain Bonds arrived with strangers who interrogated Mitzi about the construction plans, but not the crucial instrument panel designs. Fearing for her safety, Mitzi hesitated to reveal what she knew. She planned to prolong the demonstration and devise a strategy to thwart Captain Bonds' schemes.



Mitzi was taken aback when she arrived at her competitor's aviation hangar. There, she found a near-exact replica of the plane she had tested, except for a different instrument panel layout. Under Captain Bonds' supervision, Mitzi made certain adjustments and assumed she would be let go. But the Captain had different plans. She intended to take the plane for a test flight with Mitzi in tow. Blindfolded and bound in a bulky leather jacket—with straps that extended to her bound thighs and booted ankles—Mitzi stumbled aboard.



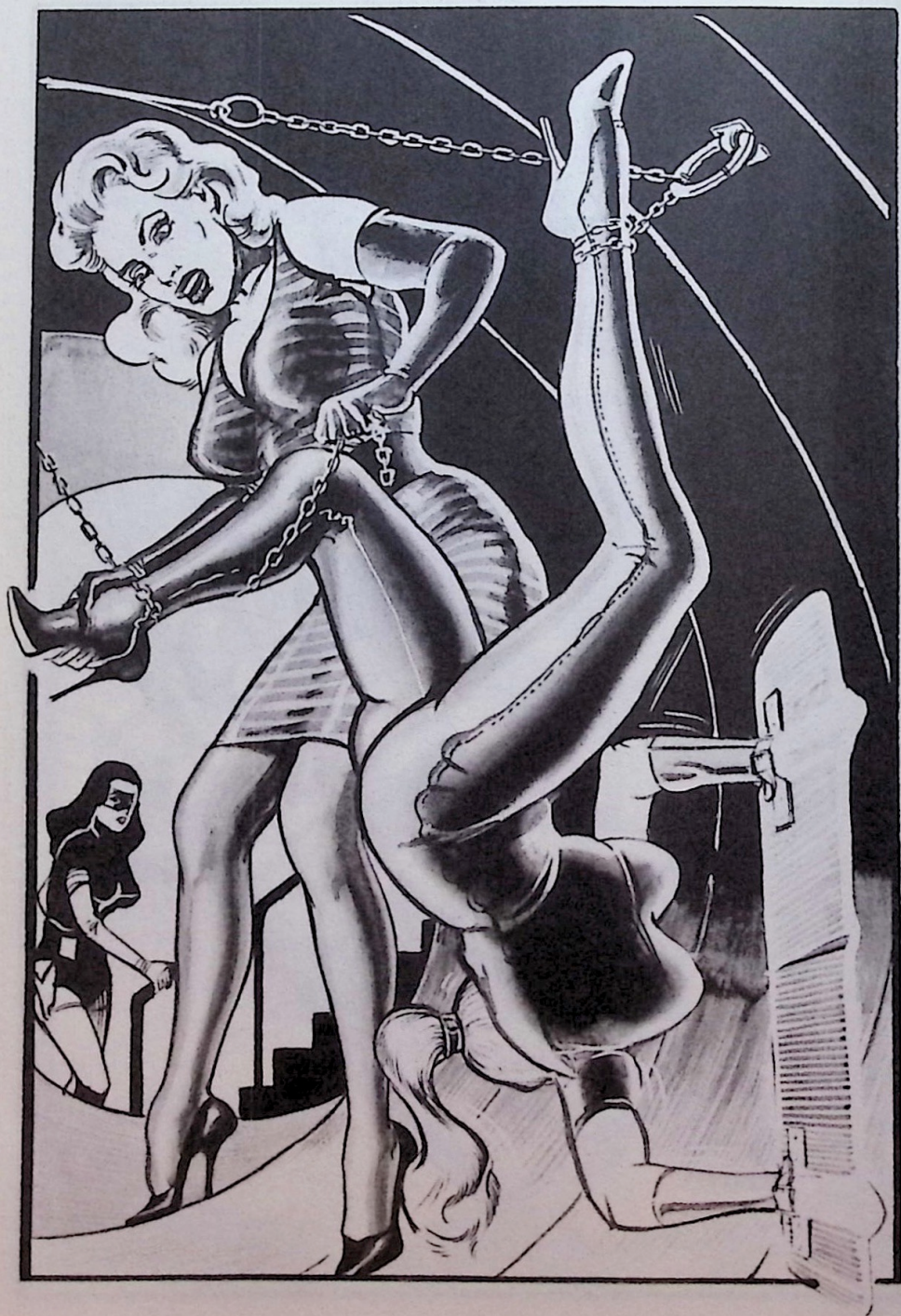
Blindfolded as she was, Mitzi was bound to the wing, enduring the biting cold as Captain Bonds took to the air. Mitzi's hair whipped around her face as she was unable to gauge the plane's performance. The fear of engine failure raced her heart, and despite her leather jacket providing some protection against the wind, she was miserable, exasperated at her inability to take control. Suddenly, a powerful downdraft shook the plane, sending it into a terrifying spiral.



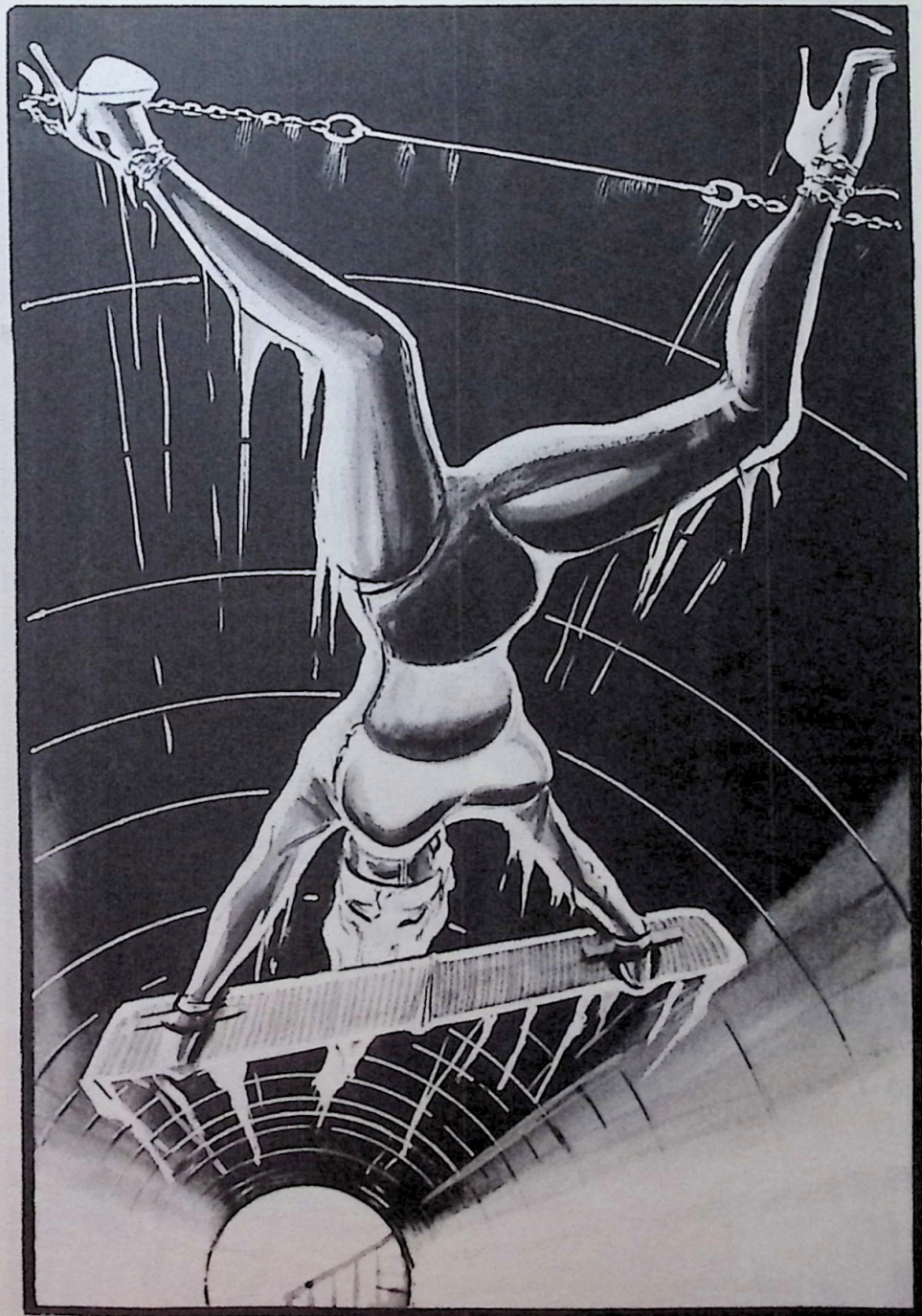
As Captain Bonds initiated the plane's tailspin, a powerful downdraft abruptly ripped Mitzi from the wing, thrusting her into a heart-pounding free fall. In a blink, her leather jacket deployed a parachute that carried her safely to a nearby grassy field. Meanwhile, Captain Bonds landed the plane, harboring suspicions that Mitzi had deceived her. She ordered that Mitzi be bound with chains and taken to the wind tunnel, where the high-speed winds might loosen her tongue.



With a chilling smile, Captain Bonds watched as Mitzi was taken to the wind tunnel and tied up by an aide. Bonds removed Mitzi's gag, granting her a final opportunity to speak. Mitzi knew that if she disclosed what she knew Bonds would likely kill her afterwards. So what difference did it make? Urged once more to talk or face the shredding wind machine, Mitzi defiantly refused. "Well then," Captain Bonds stated, "You've chosen your fate!"



In dire straits, Mitzi was chained inside a wind tunnel, her feet and wrists tightly bound. The wind machine, unleashed by Captain Bonds, assaulted her like a hurricane. Her all-leather suit offered scant defense against the cold as the wind twisted the chains on her feet and icy fragments formed on her body. Buffeted mercilessly, Mitzi prayed for release before freezing to death. Eventually, Captain Bonds relented, ceasing the wind machine and bringing Mitzi outside to thaw in the sun. Numb and rigid, she had to be carried.



To prevent escape, Mitzi was affixed with a weighted propeller on her head and chains on her body. It took some time for Mitzi's numbness to fade while the Captain waited for her to provide accurate information. Another session in the wind tunnel would have grave consequences for Mitzi, who was already weakened. Captain Bonds reminded Mitzi of this while she tugged firmly on a chain running to her corset. Losing patience, she ordered Mitzi to speak, "Don't be a fool!" But Mitzi remained silent.



After Mitzi had rested for a while, she was given a fresh negligee to wear. Instead of removing her gag, Captain Bonds replaced it with a padlock-secured steel brank. Mitzi's elbows were bound to a stick, and her knees were tied to a smaller one inserted through a heavy stone wheel, forcing her into a precarious balance. While being pulled towards the hangar, a police helicopter appeared, investigating the earlier flight. Captain Bonds and her aide attempted to flee but were swiftly engaged by the helicopter. A fierce struggle ensued between the policewomen and Mitzi's captors, with the officers emerging victorious.



The policewomen arrested Captain Bonds and her aide for their crimes, while Mitzi's testimony led to the arrest of the rival aviation company's leaders involved in the kidnapping plot. The rival company collapsed, and Captain Bonds received a severe sentence. From there, Mitzi excelled in her field, leading the company to great success. Recognized for her loyalty, Mitzi ascended to the top, fulfilling her dreams, while the unscrupulous aviation company and Captain Bonds met their well-deserved demise.



BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ART

Richard Pérez Seves

BONDAGE PLAYMATES

This Eric Stanton artwork, commissioned by Edward Mishkin, bears a striking resemblance to the illustrations featured in the 1959 novella *Chances Go Around*, also commissioned by Mishkin. Both share a common premise—a BDSM tussle between two alluring girlfriends (see the accompanying pages). It is obvious that this artwork was an attempt to reimagine the illustrations originally created for the novella: to what end no one knows. In 1971, “Bondage Playmates” was reprinted by Leonard Burtman as self-explanatory art, without any accompanying text.

BOUND TO PLEASE by STAN a new Bondage Serial

ITEM #245

Artist Stan's exciting drawings illustrate the severe restraints and bizarre costumes in this story told by its captive heroine, Madeline. Life has been disciplined but orderly under the domination of her cousin Fern. Then a feud explodes into an open contest between Fern and a rival Club Member. You share every sensation as poor Madeline describes her ordeal as a physical target in a series of contest games during the duel for supremacy. The loser must yield in bondage for 48 hours to the winner; and here, spurred by hatred, an inventive female tyrant finds unbridled scope for imposing the most stringent restraints and humiliations. Retribution for one dominatress climaxes the adventure when she is forced to seal by contract her own hopelessly permanent servitude.

48 Thrilling Chapters Now Ready
8 Chap. \$7 Complete 48 Chap. \$36



BOUND TO PLEASE

This serial was originally created by Eric Stanton in 1956, evidently under duress, while he worked full-time as a parts runner for Pan Am World Airways. Notably, it marked Stanton's first non-Klaw serial, and he adopted the alias “Stan” as Irving Klaw claimed to own the rights to the name “Stanton.” Edward Mishkin commissioned and published the artwork through Gargoyle Sales Corp., a mail order company in which he was a silent partner. Mishkin also sold it, at a significantly reduced price, through his various Times Square bookshops. The serial was packaged in sets of eight pages or as a complete set of “48 Chapters.”

In 1963, the serial underwent a bound, subpar reprint by Leonard Burtman, who also commissioned the Stanton cover art. This edition introduced an expanded text. In 1968, it received another publication as *Bound Series B* by Pasquale Giordano of Satellite Publishing Corp. The story was split into two volumes, minus three Stanton art panels, and featured yet another variation in the text. The reconstructed text accompanying the artwork in the current book pulls from all three versions and was re-edited for a modern audience.

"CAPTURED AND BOUND BY CAPTAIN BONDS"

Popular artist Stanton has just drawn up ten chapters on a brand new illustrated bondage serial titled "Captured and Bound by Captain Bonds" which tells how scientists and engineers from a rival aviation company hire Captain Bonds to capture a female test pilot to make her tell about the new instruments put into a space airplane that the pilot is testing. When she stubbornly refuses to reveal the planes secrets she is bound to a platform under a huge magnifying glass to broil in the hot sun. The test pilot is bound and gagged through tough ordeals by Captain Bonds who is a leather costumed disciplinarian. Price is 60 cents each chapter and chapter 10 is end of serial. All 10 for \$5.50.



Illustrations from "Captured and Bound by Captain Bonds"

CAPTURED AND BOUND BY CAPTAIN BONDS

Drawing inspiration from Saturday Matinee cliffhangers like *The Perils of Nyoka* and *Flash Gordon*, this Eric Stanton serial takes place in an all-female universe and unfolds with a series of predicaments that are typical of a Klaw production. It was commissioned by Irving Klaw in the spring of 1959 during his "Nutrix era" (1958-1964). In this period, Klaw relocated his fetish-themed material to Jersey City, New Jersey, while simultaneously managing his less controversial celebrity and pin-up photo business, which eventually became known as "Movie Star News," in Manhattan.

Klaw imposed tight deadlines, and it appears that Stanton, perhaps busy with other projects, only managed to complete 18 of the 20 panels on time. Consequently, Klaw resorted to using earlier Stanton artwork in the second-to-last panel, where a sudden change is noticeable as the character is depicted wearing boots (and without the propeller). The text was clearly later modified to align with the image. Finally, the talented Mexican artist, Adolfo Mariño Ruiz, contributed the last panel.

During the late '70s or possibly early '80s, while in business for himself, Stanton created an alternate, simpler text for this serial, which reduced the verbosity of the original Klaw text. With minor corrections, these are the words used here.

CHANCES GO AROUND

\$10

by



Art Stan

a novel of bondage



fully illustrated

limited edition

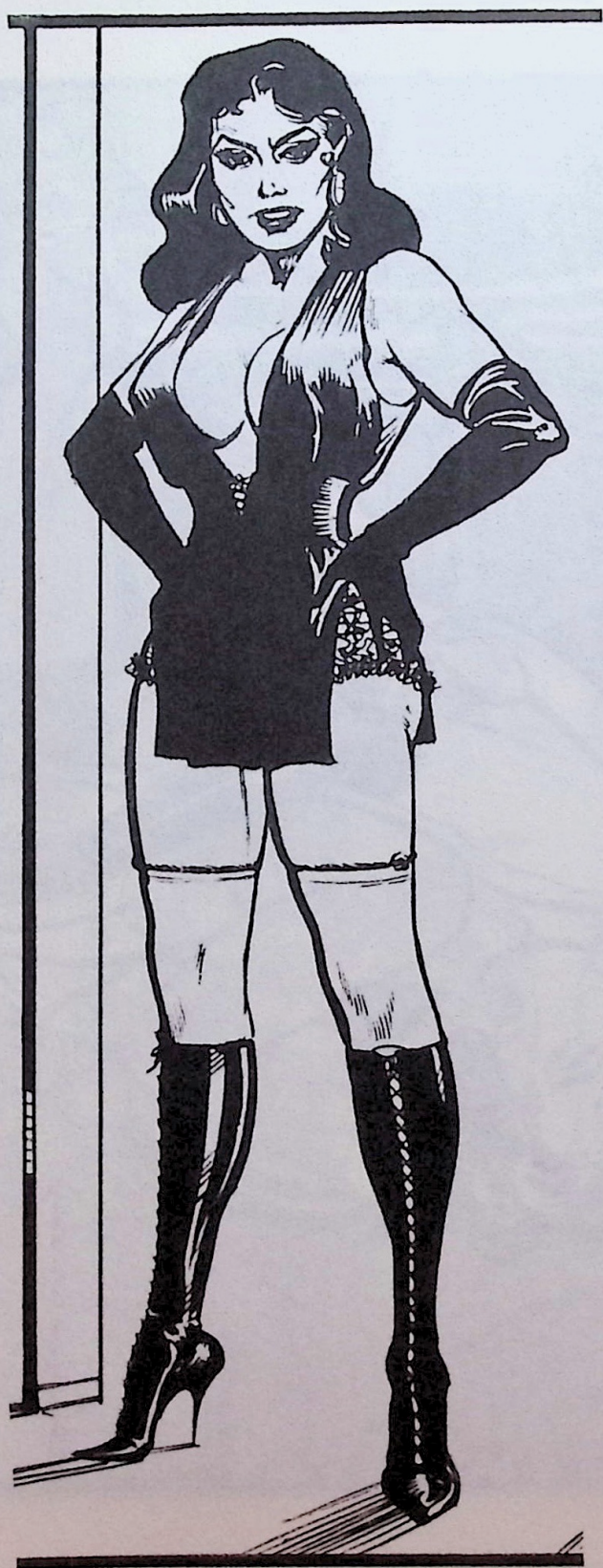
Chances Go Around (1959) by Justin Kent, art by Stanton











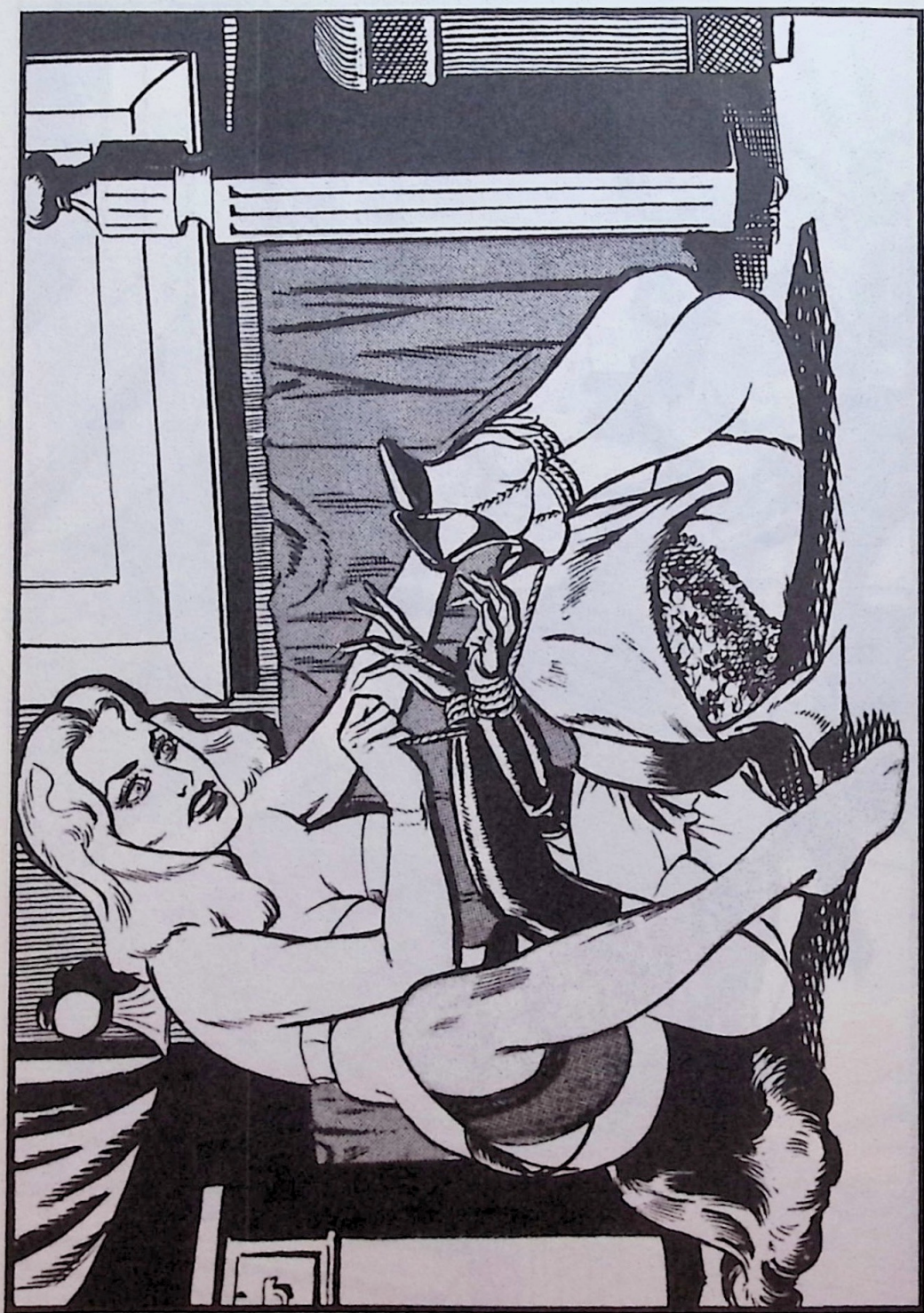


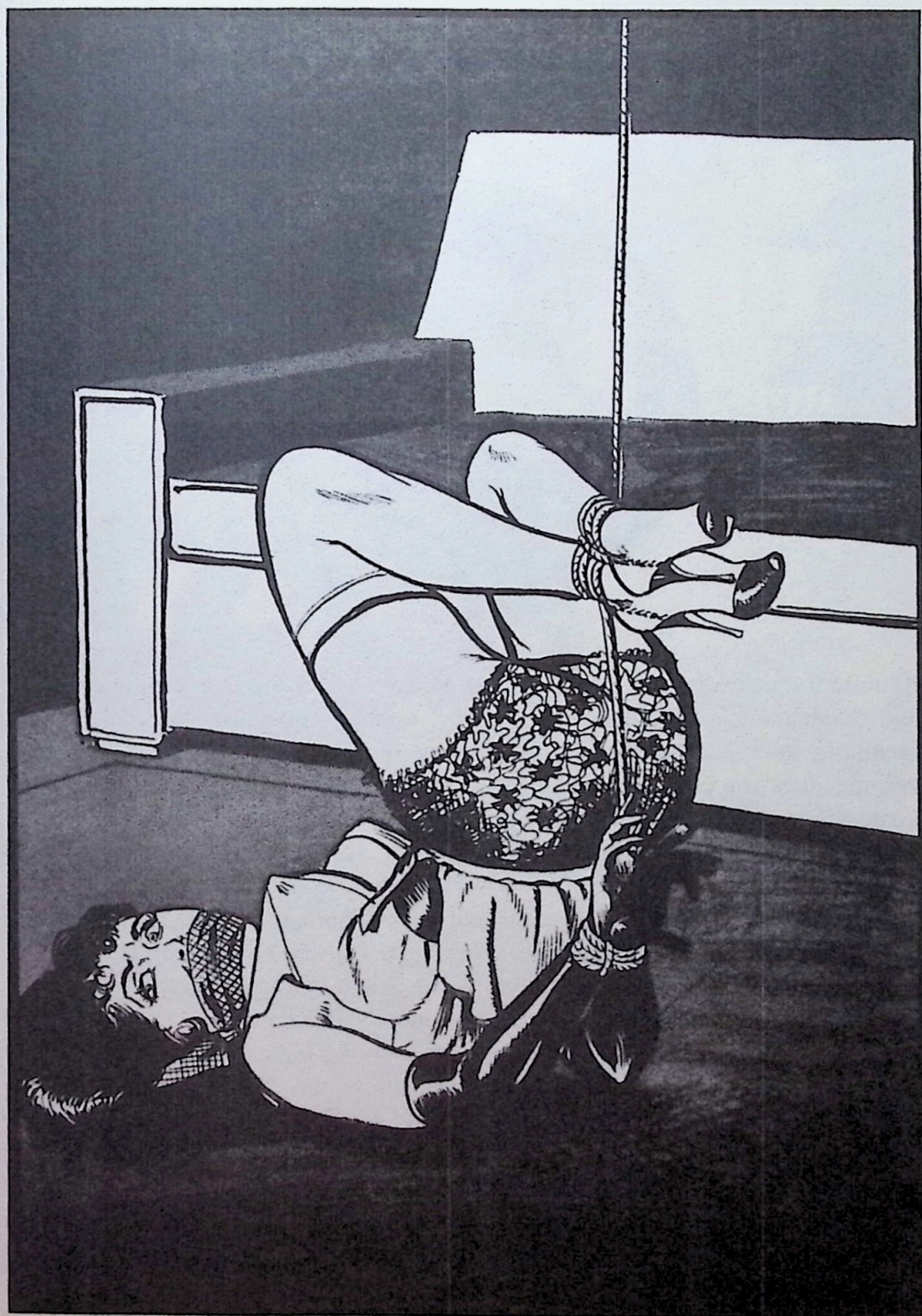












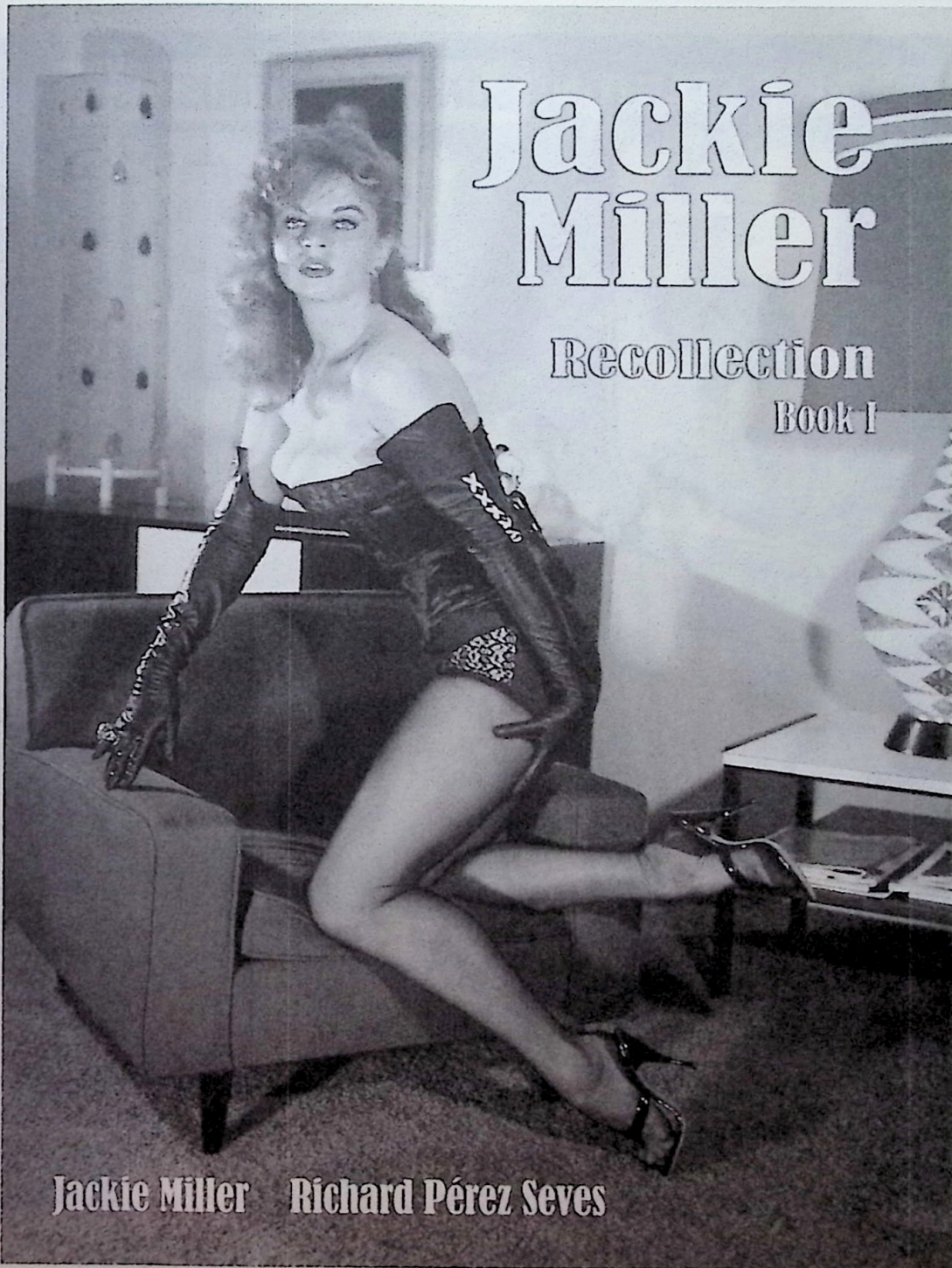
Jackie Miller Recollection, Book I: A Tribute in Photos



Explore the captivating world of Jackie Miller, one of the iconic pin-up, figure, and fetish models of the 1950s and '60s, in this remarkably affordable book. Spanning over 325 pages and showcasing hundreds of stunning photos, this volume takes you on a comprehensive journey through her unconventional career. Featuring commentary from Jackie Miller herself, it offers an intimate glimpse into her life and the profound impact she made as a contemporary alongside the renowned Bettie Page.

Unearth rare images from legendary cult photographers such as Leonard Burtman, Harry Amdur, Bunny Yeager, Allen Cobert, Robert Silverberg, Jack Bradley, Irving Klaw, Dean Hamilton, and Sam Menning. These photographs, unveiled after six decades in obscurity, embody the rebellious spirit and bold expression that characterized Jackie Miller's enduring legacy.

Prepare to be enraptured by this exquisitely curated tribute, which invites you to embrace the timeless allure of Jackie Miller, commemorating both the extraordinary woman herself and the remarkable era she came to represent. This collector's item is an indispensable addition to any serious connoisseur's library, allowing readers to luxuriate in the captivating and transformative power of one of the 20th Century's most iconic women in pin-up, figure, and fetish modeling. Order your copy today and experience the magic firsthand!



Jackie Miller

Recollection
Book I

Jackie Miller Richard Pérez Seves

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ERIC STANTON: BONDAGE ENTHUSIASTS

BOUND IN LEATHER

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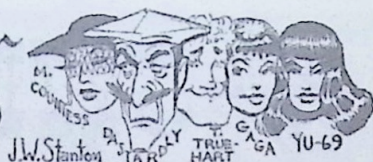


& Other Bizarre Art

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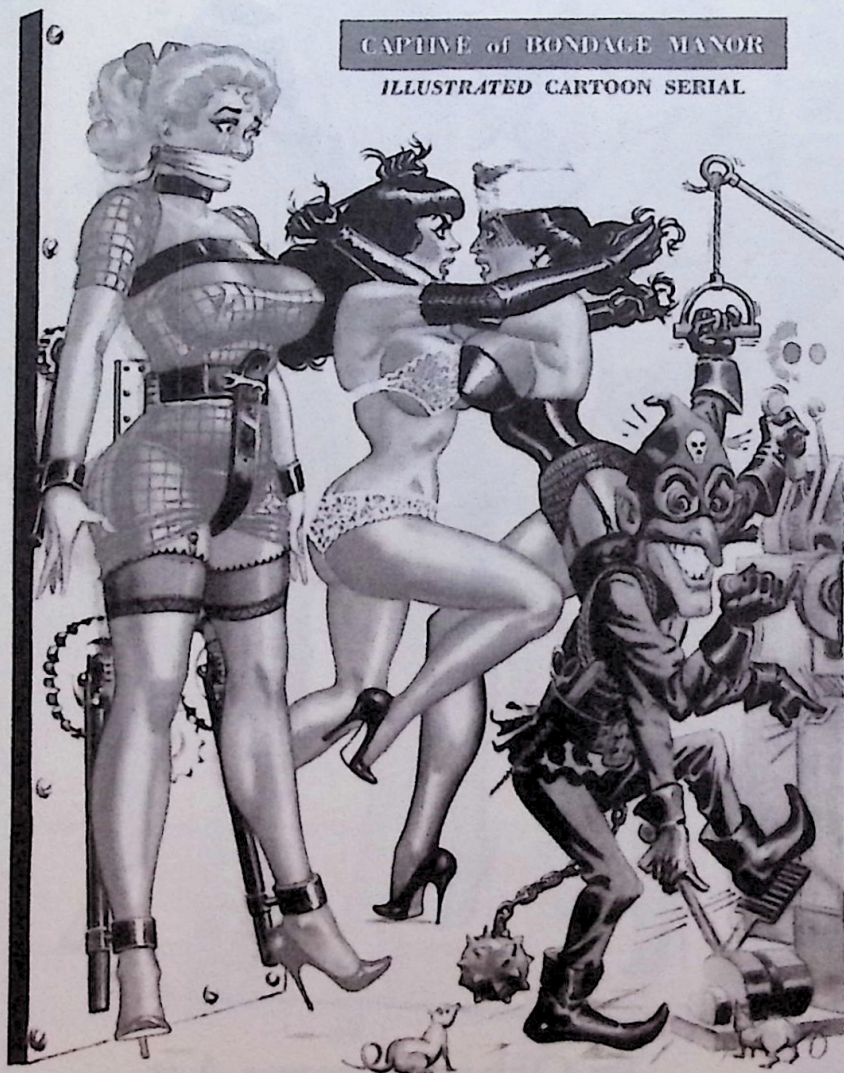


Sweeter G W E N



CAPTIVE of BONDAGE MANOR

ILLUSTRATED CARTOON SERIAL



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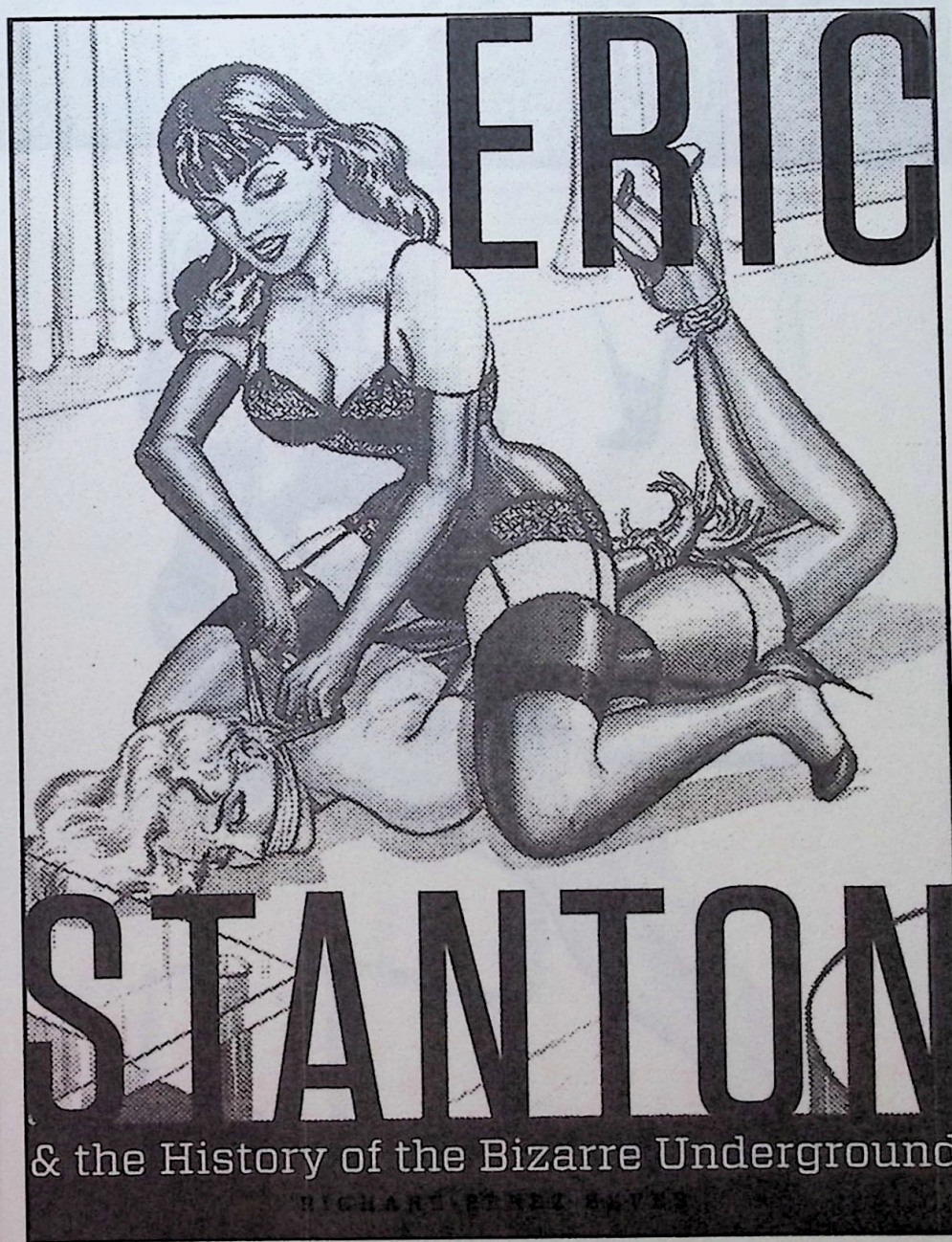
Charles Guyette

Godfather of American Fetish Art



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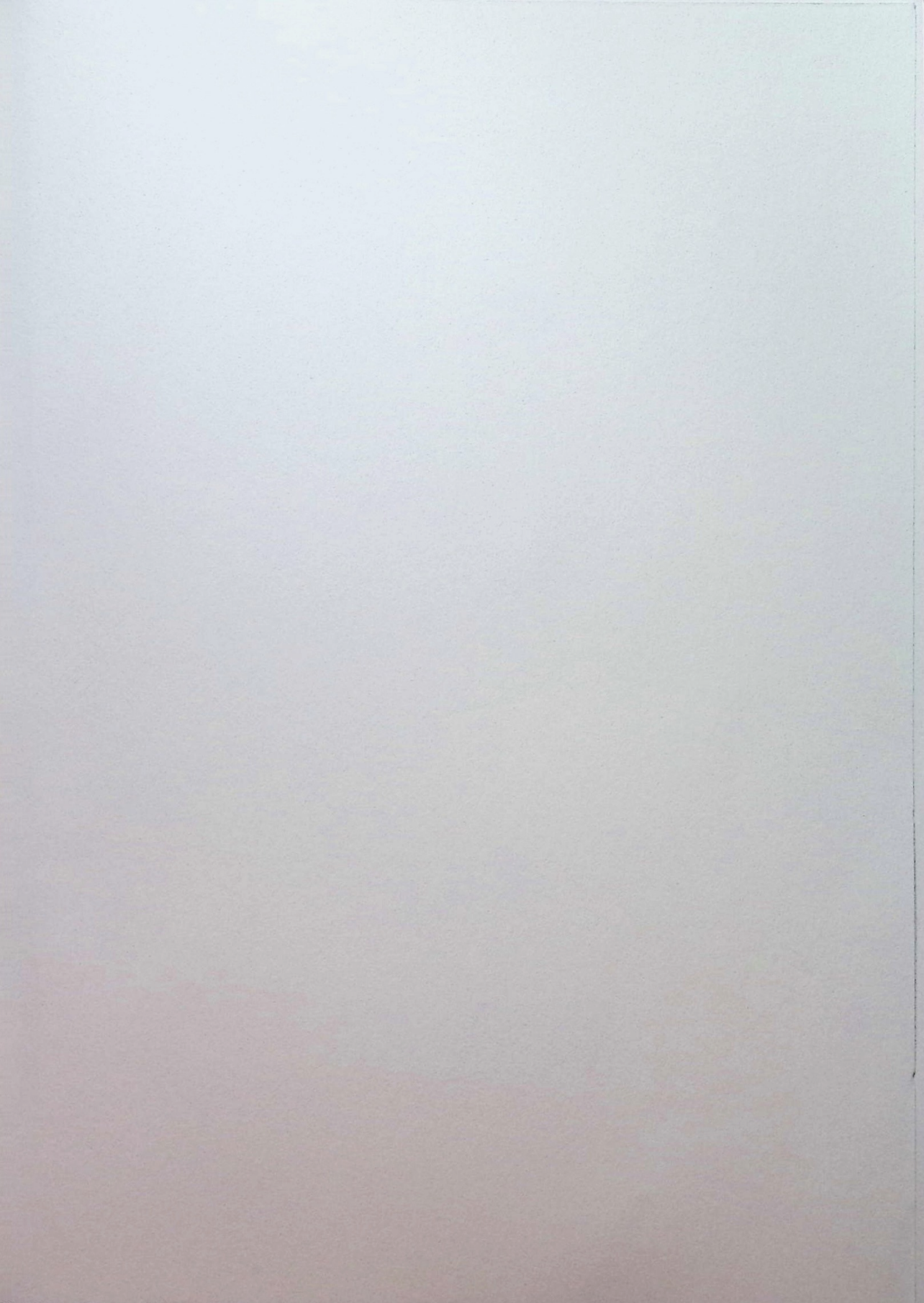
Gene Bilbrew

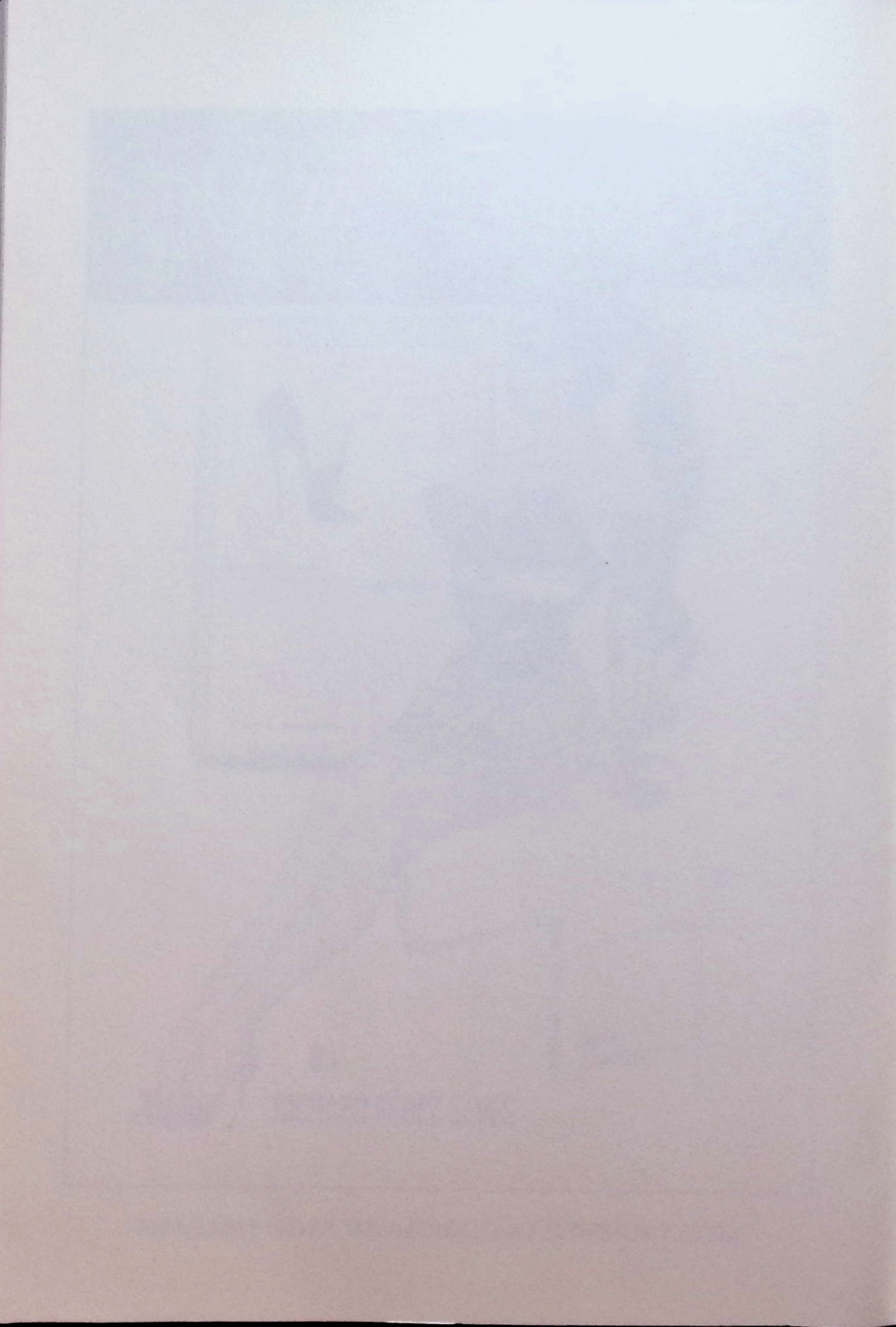
Revealed



By
RICHARD PÉREZ SEVES

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Featured in this book:

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